2/21/73

Dear Maurice,

Please excuse the staccato. The days are still long and without income, the work unpleasant, sometimes dangerous, and I'm only seven years behind you.

Our farm: about the time it really became famous it was ruined by low-flying military helicopters and sonic booms. Farming ended about when JFK did and as soon as it was possible I had to move my wife from those associations.

"...the writing - and publishing - business..." The way I do it and the way it is done to me, it ain't business. What I get is the business. I've been gypped out of a small fortune and can't even afford a lawyer. I don't know any in New York City anyway.

Your library has my first and last only. I understand your situation with copies. The contract for Frame-Up was very generous. It provided me with eight free copies, which I didn't get, and the remainders at the best offer, which I accepted and made a down payment on and also didn't get. I didn't know if you had gotten any at the customary wholesale price.

That particular Book World was Wash Post. There is joint ownership of Book World with the Chicago Tribune (what a mixture!). ChiTrib may have its own edition. Bob Cromie, with the Trib and that Book World, also does interviews for Public Television, but from Chicago. Nudge your publisher about some promotions. If you get down to San Francisco, I can give you some media names.

I thought you knew about "reviewers", that is, if anyone can. Especially for a "controversial" figure. You should see what happens to me! It is never hard to find an enemy and it is never possible to find any other. There is an interesting think in the LATimes review. It says Jean Daniel was with Castro from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. As I remember Daniel's version, he said he and Castro were together when Castro learned of the JFK assassination. I am interested in that whole thing but I'vehad to lay that writing aside JFK was offed at 11:30 a.m. CST.

Royalties: I hope universoty presses are better than the other whores. I have copies of editions of my work that have never been accounted for. Keep and study your statements.

I lost track of you when you left Mexico until I saw yourp pieces in the Guardian. Prior to your leaving Mexico I'd hear about you occasionally from Bob Rogers, so I know about Boston College, the UN, etc. But Bob went the way of most but not all flesh, not long after he got rich, which was not long before he organized Eggheads for Eisenhower. He always did learn fast. When I needed a job he hired me to do news and special little things he could not entrust to just anyone and paid me about $2 per hour for a half day. Soon after he had a visit from a House UnAmerican investigator (who actually happened by accident to have been one of my high school girl friends) he decided he had to dispense with his own news operation, a decision he almost immediately changed-and hired a goof whose father was a sponsor. Not that he was unaware of my "past". It didn't keep him from letting me fix him up in Washington who Annenberg fired him. Once in a while Terry forgets and sends us an Xmas card, but if I write, there is never an answer. Do you now have a notion of why he is avoiding you? He is not the man you knew. Once he was having license trouble. After, long after, he let me go. He was out of the country. His own lawyer couldn't do what was necessary. I made the arrangement and saved Bob's license. He has yet to say thanks. Of course one never insults needy friends by paying them for services rendered. Especially if one is rich and the payment would be a business expense.

You make no mention of it, but you should be entitled to Social Security, as should Edith. Hope you didn't forget this little detail in your wanderings.

Saw Woodrow last when he returned from Spain, long ago. Wrote Karl (Karel?) when he became president of the association. No response. I suspect he is a learned fink. I never had Woodrow's address after he returned to California so I never got in touch with him when I was there promoting books. Didn't know how and had little time, none for searching. Last track of Irving entirely soon after I blackjacked the whole gang into fighting back and we won. His wife then wanted to flee only. She was terrified. When last I saw Lesser I was farming and we bumped into each other on the street. He was an Indian still. But I heard they decided he was too red to be a true Indian. I think Margaret Mead fixed Irving up at Sarah Lawrence. We are as far away from DC as we have been-an hour. Best regards,